

A Would-Be Countess.

By John Winthrop Green.

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When I reached Leghorn I found myself in the company of two people I had heard of several times before in Italy. They were James Saunders, widower, and his daughter, Eileen, of America. He was a man of 60 and a half, and she was a girl of 20 who had an overwhelming desire to become an Italian countess. Mr. Saunders was a frank, blunt spoken man. I hadn't known him an hour when I knew all his troubles. He had amassed wealth and he loved his daughter, but he had no use for a son-in-law not born in America.

"I don't know what on earth possesses the girl," he said, when referring to Eileen, who had been plain Ellen before the steamer left New York. "She's just gone mad on the title business. At home she'd have been satisfied with a colonel, a judge or an honorable, but now she declares that nothing less than being a countess will fill the bill. It seems as if all the counts in Italy had heard of her desires and the size of my bank account, and they have hung on our heels by the dozen. It's no use for me to talk to the girl. She gets highly-tight the minute we start to argue, and if I don't cave in to her she sulks for a week. Do you know anything about Italian counts?"

"Very little," I replied. "As near as I can find out they are a mighty poor lot, take 'em as they run, and I haven't seen one I'd hire for a coachman. There's one fellow in particular I'd break in two if I was twenty years younger and could run him down. He's followed us for a month, and the girl seems to be dead-gone on him. Say, now, but I want you to do something for me. He calls himself the Count Padova, and he's dinged his title and castles and ancestors into my ears 'till I want to kick him. I want you to find out if he is a real count."

It was a matter of little trouble to discover that Count Padova had a right to his title, but it also came to light that he was almost 60, old, poor as a church mouse, and had been twice married. His character as a man was very unsavory and it was easy enough to guess that he was after a marriage which would bring him in his millions.

"The miserable old dodo!" exclaimed Saunders, when I made my report. "I mistook that he was an old sinner, and that he was trying his best to knock twenty years off his age. Why, hang the man, I'm sure he's got a wax nose, false teeth and a wooden leg, and

that without his wig we'd find his head as bare as a billiard ball! I want you to help me save Ellen."

"But she can't marry without your consent and assistance," he protested. "Think of it, will you—the daughter of James Saunders, a straight haired Yankee Doodle Dandy, picking up a lopsided, knock-kneed, played out old Italian granddaddy just for the sake of being called Countess Padova! Why, I want to unseat the stove and break the dishes when I think of it! I want you to have a talk with the girl and tell her what a fool she is making of herself."

I naturally refused to mix in the matter, though willing to offer such outside advice as might strengthen the father. Indeed, on the way to the station I confessed to me that she'd retaliate with a mighty snub. It was four or five days before I got sight of the man. He had probably been obliged to fish around to get his railroad fare from Florence. I found him all that Saunders had described, and a little more. He had been washed and wrung out and bleached until one could think only of an old towel on a clothes line. We didn't hit it off at all. He saw in me a rival, and straightening up as far as possible and assuming what he probably thought was a ferocious dignity he advanced upon me and said:

"Sir, I am the Count Padova."

"Well, what of it?" I queried.

"And the affianced husband of Miss Saunders."

"I'm sorry for her."

I thought a challenge would follow, but it didn't. He tottered around and tried to look blood thirsty, and finally shook his finger at me and cried out in piping tones:

"Beware, sir—beware! No man shall come between me and my love and live!"

I think he went up stairs and told his boy love that he had scared me off the track and then discovered that I was no rival for he soon returned and begged my pardon and offered me his hand, was reading a newspaper and didn't see or hear him. Saunders was laid up in his room that day, but he came down after dinner and roared out as he met me:

"My last hope is gone. Ellen tells me she has accepted the count, and the beggar is going to have the fact published tomorrow."

"But suppose you refuse your sanction and order the old beggar to get?"

"Say, you don't know Ellen. I get—"



TAKING COUNT PADOVA APART.

ened to do that and she declared she'd elope with him."

"And what if you told the count he should never touch a dollar of your money?"

"He'd smile and smirk and take it for a bluff. By the horn spoon, but I'll pay a bravo \$10,000 in gold to break his old neck. Go out and find one for me, and tell him to come around with a sand bag."

The man was really in wretched spirits over the affair. It would not have taken some fathers two minutes to end it, but he was ill and morbid and his strength of character was gone for the time. We sat talking for an hour and then went up stairs and joined the couple on the balcony. The daughter received us in a chilly fashion, but she was drunk and was good and natured and voluble. I had insulted him, but I was a compatriot of the charming Miss Saunders and her respected father, and he would overlook it. We were a little family party, and he would take advantage of the occasion to say that in seeking the hand of the fair girl before him he was incited by love alone. He was 45 years old and lonely. He wanted to love and be loved. Money to him was as to the cobblestones in the street. He had estates in Sardinia, in Lombardy and in Umbria. He had castles in Tuscany, Naples and Sicily. He had gold mines in the Alps, silver mines in the Carnies and had mines in the Apennines. And as to his social standing, who could desire more to be the confident of the ruler of the land?

The old count was a sleek, slick liar,

and it was entertaining to hear him talk, but at the same time one could not help but pity the father and feel provoked at the daughter. The aged lover was still exploiting when he suddenly pitched forward out of his chair. The girl screamed out and ran away to her room, and I was for bringing a doctor as quick as possible when Saunders protested:

"Hold on a bit. The old vagabond has only fainted away. Let's see what he is made of."

We went to work, and the results were strange enough. I brought soap and water from my room and the first thing we took off was a false brow. We got enough enamel off his face to reveal a score of wrinkles, and it was discovered that every tooth in his head was false. Under his wig was a shiner and his back bone was stiffened with a corset. I believe that it was the tightness of the corset that had caused his faint. There was something still to come. His right leg was supported at the knee with a brace, and a nose which had been broken was neatly trimmed up with wax. When we had taken the old fellow all to pieces he was a queer sight to look at, and it was hard to tell whether the heap on the chair or the heap on the floor was Count Padova. He had partly revived before we got through and he cackled away like an old hen.

"And this," groaned Saunders, as he pointed to the heap on the chair, "this was to be my son-in-law! This was what my daughter was to marry in order to be called a countess! I want her here."

He was back with her in a moment.

I lifted the count to a sitting position, and he was chattering of love and castles as the girl got sight of him. "What have you done!" shrieked the daughter, as she turned from the grisly spectacle to us.

"We've simply taken him apart," replied the father, "and the best part of him is on the chair there."

When the would-be countess had fled we sent for help to get Count Padova to his room. He had to be handled with care. Any sudden move might have pulled a limb or his head off. There was considerable hilarity among the servants, and it was left to them to give the pieces together again and make a man. When morning came he had disappeared, and he had not even left a farewell note behind. A day later Saunders said to me:

"Lord, mat, but I feel like dancing a hornpipe! There is to be no countess in our family. Ellen has written to a young lawyer in Chicago and said yes to his proposition and we are making ready to scot for home. Come out and have three drinks and a hurrah with me!"

A NEW GAME.

Counterfeiters Make Race Track a Profitable Scene of Operation.

(Washington Star.)

A New York bookmaker who had a slate up during the greater part of the meeting of the Crescent City Jockey club in New Orleans stopped over in Washington on the return trip the other day to have a look at some horses at Benning, in which he is interested. The shovers of the quser put a new one over at the Benning track. "Nearly every bookmaker in the ring got some of it."

"I myself was good thing No. 1 among the layers of odds down there. I was soon after the beginning of the year. A bunch of baby 2-year-olds went to the post, and we laid pretty good prices about the chances of all of them. One of them was heavily played, a Texas colt named Sad Sam—and his price was thumped down from about 15 to 1 to 6 to 1. Sad Sam won on the bit, and the ring was hit pretty hard. I had to pay out \$1,250 on him. A man down there I know, a city official, was in on the good thing, and he got me for \$150 of it. He was the last man to show up in my line for settlement, and my cashier passed him out his money in tens. The city official, a practiced handler of money, felt of the notes as they were dished out to him, and the very last bill my cashier gave him caused him to blink. It was a new crisp treasury note, and a neat-looking piece of the green at that. The city official handed it back to my settler."

"Back up," said my cashier. He knew the city official, too, but he thought he was only fooling. The green goods outfit is further up the line."

"No, I'm in earnest," said the city

clerk. "It's a bad paper," and then he pointed out to the cashier the whorl and whyness of the bill being N. G. I took a hand then, and saw after a close inspection that the bill was a counterfeit. It was a nice job, too, but I am pretty good at money myself, although I had taken in this piece of rubbish. I gave the city official a good bill for the ten, and showed a slouch I knew the bad piece of paper. He took it along with him, and I suppose he put it in the hands of the secret service folks. I don't know whether any of the other fellows in the ring got hold of any bad money on that race. If they did they didn't find it out, and paid the counterfeiters back in their settlements with winners. It struck me that this was a pretty novel way of shoving the queer. The man that got me must surely have known the horse game, for Sad Sam was one of those bottled-up good things, and he won several races after that."

"Now, a queer-shover who disposes of his goods in this way is a pretty dangerous proposition. He stands hardly a piker's chance of getting nipped when he's putting the stuff down, for when a bookmaker gets a block with a crush surrounding him and passing in bills of all denominations, hand-over-hand, the layer hasn't time to put any microscope on the green. The most he can do is to get a glimpse over the corner of it out of the tail of his eye to find out the size of the bill, and then he jerks it over his shoulder to his cashier. The cashier hasn't any time, either, to look the bills over carefully, for he's just as busy taking it from the layer as the layer is in receiving it."

"But the counterfeit gets into the inside of the racing game to make it pay, for in order not to have to put down a quantity of these bad bills, he has got to come pretty near knowing when the long shots are going through, and these New Orleans handlers of the phony goods seem to have had that information on several notable occasions during the Crescent City meeting. When the old horse Judge Steadman won a race down there, after having been played down from 100 to 1 to 50 to 1 by pikers, the cashiers for three of the layers, in going over the money taken in on the race, found each a perfectly valid \$5 bill in their satchels. The bookmakers decided to have a look at the people who cashed in on Judge Steadman, and they did. It didn't do any good, however. Every one of the men who had won on Judge Steadman was well known to the bookmakers as a regular piker and a horse follower who had been on the circuit for years. One of the bookmakers happened to mention, in paying out to one of these men, his Judge Steadman money that he had taken in some N. G. money on that race, and that bookmaker would have been stung by the piker had not some men jumped between the pair. Anyhow, there wasn't a man in that crowd of collectors on Judge Steadman who could be lit upon as a queer-shover, and all the bookmakers could do was to growl and stare at the man. They kept the bad notes as souvenirs. One



Pride of Japan Tea

of them gave his yearling baby to rank five to play with, and the kid got it down its throat and nearly choked to death before it was panked out macerated.

"It is not absolutely certain, of course, that these counterfeit bills were pushed in on us by long-shot players, but it looked peculiar that they always taken in when horses at big prices got over the plate first. A man who'll take a chance on shoving a \$5 or \$10 counterfeit, it is reasonable to suppose, is not going to do it for the sake of winning on a short-priced favorite. When my slate goes up at Benning I'm going to gaze pretty narrowly at the money I take in, although I don't suppose counterfeit handlers take so many chances in Washington, where the green papers are made, as they do elsewhere."

A Lively Game.

(Somerville Journal.)

Mrs. Wiggins—Mrs. Rachel played with us this afternoon.

Mr. Wiggins—Is that so? What were you doing?

Mrs. Wiggins—Three hundred and eighty words a minute.

You Try It.

If Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure, which he sold for the sum of 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1, does not cure you, take the bottle back and we will return your money. Sold for over fifty years on this guarantee. Price 25 cents, and 50 cents. For sale at Z. M. C. I. Drug Dept.

Have You Seen our Dainty Ladies' Neckwear?

They are all that a lady could wish for. Everyday arrivals of New Ties, New Stocks, New Jabots, the new linen Clerical Collars, so becoming, so fashionable; nothing wanting, nothing lacking to make this store Salt Lake's headquarters for Ladies' Neckwear.

Silk Stock Collars at—	25c	Latest New Turnover Linen Collars at—	15c
Another Big Arrival of Ladies' Black Ruffled Liberty Silk Neck Boas at	\$1.50	New Linen Clerical Collars with high pointed back at	15c

Our Aim == Persuasive Bargains That Cannot Fail to Crowd This Popular Store.

OUR WIDE AWAKE CLOAK & SUIT DEPARTMENT

Offers Special Inducements This Week.



You will find delight in seeing, buying and wearing these charmingly made Suits.

A dozen styles, all materials and colors at the popular price of

\$10.50

Spring styles of fine suits in innumerable materials and colors, beautifully tailored garments, at

\$17.25

Swell Dress Skirts. It Will Positively Pay You to Take Advantage of This Sale.

Gray Cheviot Skirts—latest style	\$3.85
Black Serge Appliqued Skirt	\$4.50
New style Gray Skirt, accordion pleated ruffle	\$6.75
Very fine Black Pebble Cheviot and Broadcloth, new flare skirt	\$9.45

Children's Reefers And Capes.

New Reefers, braid trimmed	98c
New Reefers, all colors, beautifully trimmed	\$2.00
Cloth Capes, all colors, plaid silk hood	\$1.55
Fine Venetian Cloth Capes, tailor stitched and Persian Silk lined hood	\$2.25

Exquisite Styles in Silk Waists.

Whether you want a \$5.00 or a \$25.00 Waist you are Pretty Sure to Get Just the Waist you want.

Handsome tucked waists, corded and hemstitched with the latest stock collars and soft flaring cuffs. The waists would be considered good value at any store except ours, at \$7.50; we make the price until closing Saturday for

\$4.95

Wash Silk Waists. All colors—made with white or colored yokes and fronts—beautifully stitched, for

\$4.25

Two Specials in Wash Shirt Waists.

For 40 cents. For 65 cents.

Waists of Madras, trimmed with rows of insertion, always sold for 85c.

Waists of Black Batiste, with white polka dot, all sizes, never sold less than \$1.00.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Nothing more handsomely serviceable has been introduced into this department than the All-wool Venetians, Homespuns, Coverts, Pin Cheeked Suitings and Serges that we are selling this week at 47c a yard, instead of the 60c and 65c heretofore considered a reasonable price for them. Widths from 38 in. to 44 in. and in the best leading colors of the season,

only 47c yard

40 or 44-inch plain and changeable colored Brilliantines in the best shades, at \$1.00 qualities

69c

46-inch handsome colored Crepons, will make a swell suit or separate Skirt in lovely colors, were intended to retail this season at \$1.25 yard,

\$1.00

52 and 58-inch stylish Whip Cord, Cheviots, Crepons, Homespuns and Camel's Hair Novelties, all strictly pure wool and suitable for tailored-made suits and separate dress skirts. Values \$1.50 to \$1.75

\$1.19

Portieres, Etc., All the Prevailing and Practical Makes.

Derby for	\$2.85
Tapestry for	\$3.50
Ottoman for	\$4.50
Armure for	\$6.50
Tinselled Persians for	\$10.00
Curtain Swags	7c to 35c
Point d'Esprit, all widths and qualities, fancy Madras, white and colored	28c

OUR LINEN DEPT.

Puts forth Prices made for a Busy Week in Table Linens, Napkins, Bedspreads and Sheets. Take advantage of the ridiculously Low Prices quoted for the sale of Household Linens this week in our Linen Department.



18x18 Linen Glass Doilies, fringed, per dozen	48c
Honey combed fringed Cotton Towels, all white, each 12x12	4c
Loomdiced Roller Toweling, 20 inches wide	7c
19x40 Brown Turkish Towels, heavy, no color	15c
Soft finish German Table Linen	25c
White Crochet Bed Spreads, heavy fringe, extra size	\$1.25
Large sized Bed Spreads, pearl hemmed	98c
68-inch Irish Table Linen \$1.00 grade	69c
3x4 Loomdiced Linen Napkins, \$1.25 grade	75c
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 90x90, worth \$6.50 per pair	\$4.65

WASH GOODS.

New Dress Gingham, new Dress Linens, Mercerized Foulards, Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and Batistes.	
Fast Black Satens, high lustre	8c
Imported Zephyr Gingham, neat patterns	10c
36-inch wide English Cambrics, light, dark and medium	8c
Mercerized Cotton Foulards, just as pretty as silk	16c
Embroidered Dotted Crepons, all the new delicate shades	20c
Scotch Corded Novelty Gingham, regular 40c grade	25c
32 pieces pure Irish Linen Gingham, beautiful shirt waist styles, patterns and colors perfect, 8c kind	40c
32-inch Cotton Covert Suitings, all colors, only	15c
Homespun Linen Skirt- ing	16c
Silk Stripe Madras Shirtings, fast colors	25c

Muslin Underwear Sale

Every garment is as thoroughly reliable as good material and honest work can possibly make.

We have been particularly painstaking in the selection of these goods, and we offer none that we cannot conscientiously recommend as the best in the grade they represent.

We emphasize the fact that these goods were bought before the sharp advance in prices; hence we are able to give you better values than can be found elsewhere, which is a rare opportunity to economize without depreciating values.

We are Especially Strong in Skirts.

50 dozen Muslin Skirts, India Lawn, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with lace edging and insertion, dust ruffle, all generously cut, fresh from the factory. A \$1.50 value, great bargain at

95c

Excellent values in Skirts, Lace and Embroidery trimmed.

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00 to \$5.00

CORSET COVERS.

Plain Cambric Corset Covers, low neck, at	15c
Cambric Corset Covers, V neck, with cluster of Hemstitched Tucks and Hemstitched ruffle, each 45c, at	29c
Cambric Corset Covers, solid Embroidery yoke, neck and arms finished with dainty embroidery, either French cut or tight fitting, 45c, for	49c

DRAWERS.

Excellent quality muslin, plain hem, cluster tucks, for	25c
Fine Cambric Drawers, with deep embroidered umbrella ruffle, at	49c

CHEMISE.

Good Muslin, either corded band or Torchon lace trimming, for	25c
Fine Cambric Skirt Chemise, Val lace edged ruffles, at	50c

GOWNS.

Good Muslin, solid yoke of Hemstitched tucks, for	45c
Empire Gowns, good material, with insertion and wide ruffles, \$1 value, for	73c

Hosiery Bargains.

The best imported Hosiery in the market; high spliced heel and double sole, absolutely fast black

Spring weight Hose, Hermsdorf dye, black, with split soles and plain black, also fancy stripes, black with white polka dots, at

25c

Women's fancy Hose, including the latest novelties in checks, vertical stripes and Mercerized silks in stripes, lavender, blue and red, also complete line of choice Black Lace Hose at

50c

Men's fancy Mercerized striped Hose

Misses' 1x1 ribbed black Cotton Hose, spliced heel and double knees, all sizes

17c